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CONTAINING

THE NEWEST WORKS BY CELEBRATED AUTHORS, SERMONS BY EMINENT DIVINES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED TALES AND POETRY, &c., &c.

"No pull-up life contracts our powers,
The whole extended continent is ours."

PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

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(O-4)

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1841.

Original Drama.

GULZARA,* OR THE PERSIAN SLAVE: A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

DESIGNED FOR PRIVATE REPRESENTATION.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

DRAMATIC PERSONAE.

AMURATH..... A boy ten years of age, son of the Sultan Saliman.
ZULZARA..... Daughter of the Sultan.
FATIMA..... Companion of Zulzara.
KATINNA..... Attendant slave of the Harem.
AY-DA..... Wife of the affectionate Master.
GULZARA..... Newly purchased slave of the Sultan Saliman.

Scene, Constantinople.

ACT I.

SCENE I..... The chamber of ZULZARA in the Harem of the Sultan Saliman—ZULZARA reclining on a couch engaged in embroidery. FATIMA seated on a cushion at her feet, mending bright-colored silks.

Zul. [showing her work.] How think you it is shaped, this tinted flower?
 Mimico it tastes well, dear Fatima?
Fat. So skillfully, the dullest slave had vowed.
 It grew beneath Zulzara's hairy hand!
Zul. Thou flatterest! how friggin I'd let thee cheat
 Mine eyes to think thine true? For, 't is to win
 The gaudon of my father's smile these hues
 In broderie blend. Dear father! sweet the toil
 That boasts that best reward—to pleasure thee!
 Win labor, joy imparting, doth himself,
 With his own gift, enrich! [again showing her embroidery.] But 't is well done!

Fat. In sooth most dexterously; but if 't were ill,
 Methinks that never fell the partial eye
 Of your most idolizing sire on sight.
 Those fingers traced, when broke not rapt'rously
 His sympathizing lip in smiles!

Zul. Alas!
 When shall that eye of love once more meet mine?
 Three moons have wearied with their lustre, since
 The death-draught blast of war hath robbed your bower
 Of its dear lord—Zulzara of her sire!
 Oh! how I long to hear that Bagdad owned
 Victorious Saliman her conqueror!
 That Persia's king before his footstep! See,
 And homeward-bound those steps my father turn:—
 Wer 't not for my young brother's joyousness,
 Your varying tales and loved companionship,
 How tedious, since the drama's first beat, had lagged
 Old Time's decrepit feet!

Fat. For fav'rites, mused
 In you past heaven's bounds, and languishing,
 Like flow'rens 'mid sun; thickly shaded wood,
 That wasted wither, pining for the sun,
 They might; but not for her, the arbitress
 Of good! who, scarce by thirteen springs matured,
 With mightier sorcery sways these hares; walls
 That ever whelmed spoilt Saliman yet!
 Ugh! were Roseiana's self; indeed,
 When Saliman 't is said made peace, or was,
 Envied the free, or loosed the captive's chain,
 To please. Ains Roseiana's child for more!
Zul. Pr'ythee, have I not told thee, prattling girl,
 'T is not the might my sire's indulgent love
 Invests me with, have when that power I see
 Rather in recomposure than punishe.
 Addo to my sun of happiness one beam;
 And yet you deem me too omnipotent;
 Forget the Sultan, o'er in benignant love
 O'erstepping reason's bulwark, wise, bath left

The sea, in which the incidents of this George are supposed to occur, is during the reign of Sultan Saliman, the most renowned of the name; of whom M'Herbert says, "One is grand Saliman, qui est le plus en vogue en tout non, sans doute, dans la littérature." It concerns a Sultan Saliman. Eh non, Sir de Saliman, une partie de ce nomme devrait être Salomon. — "Il ne peut pas être représenté, ou le cas de spectacle, ou le cas de théâtre," — dit M'Herbert L'Hermitage, — "de nos jours, et c'est à dire pour l'heure, pour l'heure actuelle, que l'opéra est destiné à être représenté, ou le cas de spectacle, ou le cas de théâtre." — Les deux derniers mots sont évidemment faussement traduits, et doivent être remplacés par les deux derniers mots de l'original, qui sont, sans doute, très exacts. — "Il ne peut pas être représenté, ou le cas de spectacle, ou le cas de théâtre," — dit M'Herbert L'Hermitage, — "de nos jours, et c'est à dire pour l'heure, pour l'heure actuelle, que l'opéra est destiné à être représenté, ou le cas de spectacle, ou le cas de théâtre." — Les deux derniers mots sont évidemment faussement traduits, et doivent être remplacés par les deux derniers mots de l'original, qui sont, sans doute, très exacts.

I have no respect like mentioning the unbridled influence of the celebrated dominion over Roseiana; his power, for he has now so great that no knight will dare to him a challenge. The only success for some of the intrigues he committed to me, I disengaged them.

The Kishar Age (of our harem's guard
 Sole chief,) supreme approval of my deeds,
 That age's coldness, temper youth's wild warmth.
 But waste we not to-day my father's gift;
 How shall we honor it in the employ
 Of good?

Fat. Wer 't not well used in summoning
 Gulzara, the young Persian slave, the last,
 And loveliest purchase of our honored lord,
 Whose young eye, a Niobe of tears,
 The speechless incarnation of despair,
 Was hither brought, and whous our harem all
 Successively strove to cheer!—be your the task.

Zul. Well said!—be such my occupation here,
 No tear shall fall within Zulzara's realm,
 Zulzara's hand shall not easy to dry:
 To save one sleep, that springs from guiltless woe.
 A diamond in thy crescent should grow dim!
 [She steps her hands close to her, enters KATINNA with silent steps.]

Gulzara greet for me; say in our bower
 We wait the pleasure of her company.

Kat. Sultana! I have wings at your command!—
 [Exit with Zulzara.]

Zul. For friendly sympathy shall not lack,
 That honored thief, who steals sorrow's sting,
 And wounds itself to heal another's pang.
 [Enter KATINNA as before.]

Kat. Obedient to your wish, Princess, she comes.
 [Enter GULZARA, slowly, who bends to ZULZARA, and exits.]

Zul. Welcome, young stranger, in my father's name
 I bid you to his palace welcome—and
 May hospitality that waits your steps,
 And kindly friendship make its shelter dear.

Gol. I were ungrateful not to give you thanks!

Zul. Nay, spare them; out-fairly was, for still
 That eye with gathering minute half flows o'er;
 That brow is shadowed by a voiceless gloom.
 In yonder sumptuous bower find you aught
 Engaging grief!

Gul. [confused.] Oh! yes—no! You—spare me,
 Peerless Sultana, spare your slave, until
 My untaught tongue has smoothly learnt to frame,
 (Despite a heart o'erswelling with such thoughts
 As may not break the barrier of my lips.)
 Such complainant reply as to your rank
 Is due.

Zul. You wrong me most unwittingly;
 As the shif'ld Hishim seeks the malady,
 Which, knowing not, he cannot hope to cure,
 Gulzara, I would hear uncured truth.—

What is the guy Zulzara like you not?

Zul. It looks to me the humble look, the dear
 Familiar aspect of my native cot;

Your brodered cushion cannot bring me sleep,

Your star-tinted joy, or gurgling splendent grace,—

'T is not my home!

Zul. Yet each must henceforth be;

What art of ours can render it less strange?

Gul. Have you the art thereof piloted walls to give
 Th' unpolished rudeness of my father's hut,
 Where ev'ry object that I gaze upon

Brings back the story of some childish hour,
 To bid that father's holy smile beam forth,

The placid light that cheers our toil or sport—

To wake for me my mother's gentle tone,—

Whose warbling makes the bulb'l's music harsh—
 And with gay childhood's laughter glad mine ear?

Take back your splendid luxuries—in lieu
 Of wealth and ease, these 'owlier treasures give;

Though labor be my lot, and scanty food

Tell's responsum. Were this home possible,

Then might I call your palace-prince home!

Zul. Such magic know I not—yet must we strive

To make our bower-as dear as stranger ones.

[Claps her hands, exits KATINNA.]

Your softest cushion biding bring!

[Exit KATINNA, and returns with the cushion, which she places where ZULZARA, by closing her hand on one, and, after casting an instant as for command, exits again.]

The downy couch invites your yielding form;

Our coyante may beguile the weary hour,

That fated fly by thoughtless mirth pursued.

Gul. [smiling sweetly.] Forgive me that I have not girdle

to force

The necessitat that should to yours respond;
 Could but the soothing hand of pity heal
 The blow of cruelty, my bosom scarce

Would bleed.

Zul. I pray thee, woe more cheerful thoughts;

That rare physician, Time, 't ingats certain cure
 For ev'ry woman—with heliot charms shall reeve

Those stran'g'rous walls, thane you languish for

To-day; you 't now not yet my father's self

And genit actu—yes! the day will come,

When changed Gulzara more than horse or his

Sirell love the Sultan Saliman!

Gul. [starting from her seat.] Love him!

Love him? thy father I ay—great cause is mine

To see the Sultan Saliman! to pay

Him back for banishment from all most deep—

Parents, and home, and sweet companionship

Of yeasome sister—with that only gift

The apstal may prize but cannot force,

The poor scieree, or offer—love! You jest!

Indeed! Zulzara—born in high estate

And chained by chilling forms that riches weave

To curb down speaking nature's warmer impulse—

Thou caest not know the sweet reunion round

The evening bethin when day's oile ceas;

the about

Of gleeful children, mingling with the low

And thrilling music by the actee waked;

Or, softer still, the pause from lips reverred,

That consecrates some act of by-gone day;

The holy blessing on each bende head—

That potent opiate, woeing happy sleep

And radiant dreams. The dusky brow of night,

Grown old and tinged with grey which, dying, gives

Exasperating morning birth, thou caest not paint.

Now freshened by the wholesome rest that 'gives

To poor Gulzara, we meet, and, with renewed

Affection, usher in the welcome light!
Would that we ever thus, on thy fair banks,
Belov'd Tigris, bled had lived ! for spite
More bar'rous usage, my fond father cowed
His off'ring untransplanted should around
His bloom, strangers alike to o'er ery
And shame. Vain was his earth—the evil eye
Fall on us—how or where the Sultan saw,
Or wherefore fixed on me, I wonder still;
His stately visage to my bather sent;
A noble price was offer'd—all in vain.
I wept and prayed—my mother mourn'd and sobb'd,
My father's heart was bowed in silent woe;
Resistance were to war with thunderbolts,
Or with unshaken bosom tempt their hosts;
They took away my humble robe, they decked
Me in this gaunt gate amid her tears,
Finally my mother smiled to see me thus
Arras'd—but my poor father shook his head,
And wished scant'd my similes dry & sighed;
While from his parched and burning lid, the tear,
Whose gushing easer, unde-pent, found no way.
Then came the dreadful hour—the parting hour!
Oh ! 't is a fable all, that hever can break;
Else would this breast that fearful instant riven?
How fast with-fleé hands they clung—how call'd
Upon Allah to forsake them not,
My infant sister ! now my father strained
Me long and sil'ly'd my mother, wild
With woe, with streaming eyes, on bended knee,
Implor'd the transient respite of an hour!
Rudey they tore me from her twining arms,
By force unclasp'd—but lo ! I see her now,
As from the rich embroidered draperies
Of that gay araba, I looked my last,
And saw her, stone-like stand, with arms wide stretch'd,
White lips—eyes from their sockets starting out:
And when the shroud of distance, like death's pall,
Had veiled me from her sight—the shriek that burst—
My mother's shriek ! 'en it rings, to make
Mine ear—and stirs not every mocking sound
Of comfort, which but wastes the breath it spends?

ZUL. No more, I pray ! thy words are spells that raise
A phoenix from the wo long flushed and dead;
And ruthless memory haunts me with a grief
Outviving thine—too, too, motherless !
On her, first-loved and truest loving, I
Have gazed when she gave back no answer'ring glance !
We will not think of this—once more I say
You know not the dear parent still mine own.

GUL. Would that I never had known—his cruelty—
ZUL. (Interrupting her with dignity.) sir is my father :
pouse—let that restrain
Your blind reproach.

GUL. He is, and to have been
Thy father, should have been earth's noblest, best,
By every high and lovely virtue graced,
Which sits on you & 't were an heritage
But were he such, or greater, (could there be
More great,) my ren'rence, of my gratitude
He might command—but never waken less.

ZUL. There's cause for this : I see it now ; you love
Some other ? 't is not so !

GUL. (aside.) What have I said ?
ZUL. Blushes, they say, like crimson-tinted clouds,
Proclaim the God they'vee—divined I right !

GUL. I pray you bid me not reply.

ZUL. I must,
Not prompted by no whim or light caprice,
Speak, then, and freely, maiden ; I attend,
GUL. (aside.) Thou talking tongue ! how shall I tutor thee
Aloud to utter what this shaking heart
Is whispering to conceal I why, 't is no shame !
Zuleika, you ; there was—there is—one more—
Then bears the name of kindred—whom—

ZUL. Then lo'e !
To hear the tale be ours : thou lo'e, and whom ?
GUL. Whom ? 't is the question I still ask myself,
By chance—such seeming chance, of purpose sure,
As Deity aches—'ve met me. One evenfall,
When farther from our cot than prudence urged
Or was my wont, I wandered—sudden from
Th' adjacent wood a fierce young Arab rushed.
From his rude grasp, with tempest impell'd
A hussarion rescued me. I know not why
So often turned my thoughts that night to his
Protecting arm and reverning voice ;
But, when the memory of my fear arose,
Strangely a joy broke in that chased its gloom,
As brightly pictured in my dream, that face,
Like guardian saint, watched o'er me still. Nextmorn,
While herbs and flowers on neighboring hills I sought,
My thoughts were roving, where, I scarcely knew,
When lo !—I raised mine eyes—their object stood
Before me. Ask me not—I were sacrifice
To paint the mystic weavings of the chain,
To breathe how love more closely knit our hearts.
Day after day passed on, and still he came ;
Me & joyful ent're, new meeting, and more sad
When warn'd the setting sun that we must part.
He was not young, but in that mellow prime
That bath of softness, more, more tender—
Mingling with all you & fire, ye would I not
Have changed the glistening snows upon his brow
For manhood's jetty lock ; and all that night
Other heroes smote, were but new charms in him.
'T was while thus ap'd the pleasure-laden hours,
The Sultan's mandate came : in dizzy haste,
I sought out oil accustomed trysting place,
But Hafid came—not hours wore on, but brought
Not him ; the morrow rose—he tarried still ;
Another sun must sander as for ever !

Again I stole despairing forth to look
Upon that aged tree, whose murmuring leaves
Sounded echoing back the voice which they had heard ;
Hopeless upon the earth I flung myself,
But started up as wound a gentle arm
Around me—Hafid ! yes, 't was Hafid's self !
The past seemed but a woful vision ; this
The joyful truth—the future's memento—
And intent fears, and present grief, absorbed

In that sweet moment's transport? but, alas !
Cruel, when kindness most could cheer ! for looks
All warmth and words all love, reproaches met
My startled ear, reproaches for my joy !
The Sultan's splendor dazzled me, he said ;
I willing went to grace my guided course,
He was forgot ! The flush of joy, the last
This heart can e'er give forth, was quenched at once.
As lurid lightning leaves the sky more dark,
My soul now & in its momentary bliss
More deeply sad ; but soon up to my vows
Gave ear, banished transforming frowns, and soothed
Me with bright promises that we should meet,
Should blissful meet again—made me believe ;
Swore that I still should be his bride, and left
Me suddenly, confused by words so strange,
But filled with hope. Beautiful hope ! thou shon'st
A false mirage to cheat my thirsting soul.
The morrow came, but Hafid—where ? where
Was he ? And where his omnis ? My rule is done,
Or needs no finishing—behold me here !

ZUL. What that 'twere longer, but less sad, and yet
What's odder, oft, most charms the happy ear.
How strangely now, how thrilling must have been
The passion that inflamed an other being !
Kept in these walls, with eyes that never gazed
On face of man, except my sire's, yet have
The books that his indulgence grand me,
Mirrored so well the ecstasy of hearts. (changed)
That linked 'till death, loved on through life un-
I almost wept that I had never known
To love !

GUL. Ask not the fatal knowledge—Love !
The bright-sighted serpent, luring but to sting ;
Why for each fatal capture he imparts
Festows th' alloy of agonies too real.
Oh ! rather pray thy breast may never wake
To deeper feeling—you are happy ! Not
The wild felicity with passion wed—
Its furor, & when most fortuitous,
Of anger, fear, of jealousy, revenge ;
The storms, all turbulence and rage, that mix
With its delirious fits—but calm content
Of innocence is yore's. It were to bid
The placid stream, that smoothly bears your bark,
Swell into danger-created billows, with
The stars in combat, but to ask such change.

I'd noise to end behind the scenes.]

AMU. [from behind] Stand back, ye saucy slaves ! not
be disturbed ?

When did my sister with disturb'd gaze

Her Amurath ? stand back, and let me pass.

[Exit AMURATH, who springs into the arms of ZULIMA.]

Good morn ! sweet sister zine : those sultry slaves
Would fain have bar'd my entrance—say, I vex

You not ?

GUL. [Iddo appears amidst the boy spears.] That voice ?

ZUL. [returning his embrace.] Nor could my Amurath,

GUL. [aside.] Surely that face hath met mine eye before,

Those tones mine ear ; 't is like some faded dream,

That leaves a shadow misty, undressed,

For memory to prey upon—that know—

Those speaking eyes—I've seen—and yet not so.

AMU. Sister, it irks me much that our dear sire

Still tarries from his home : sure his return

Must glad us soon, will 't not ?

We can but hope.

GUL. [half aside.] For my despair !

AMU. Is this that Persian slave

't is whispered in the harem bears our sire

Such loathing hate I now, by his beard, if 't be

We shall not (as thy usage) vainly who

Her love ; for 'wet in courtesy alone,

She can yet bid that rightful payment, due

The debt of our's.

GUL. Young courier, thank's ! thou not

To love, unless with abiding grace.

My heart were bar'd, I scarce could dare to hope.

FAT. [who has gradually approached.] Then lov'st thou that

which must destroy thy hopes.

GUL. [dropping the hand of AMURATH.] And now !

FAT. In loving him who banishes

The hope, enshrined in evry breast that swells

Its weakish pulses 'neath the harem's dome,

Sultana of that mimic world to reign ;

For Sultan Suliman hath off-a sworn,

While yonder boy, huv'd Roxalang's child,

His sonrie's boy, and sole successor liv'd,

He never bridle 'mongst all his harem flowers

Would choose, that no new son legitimate

Might pinch the crescent from his favored brow,

Or, strapping for the envied diadem,

Dimension in the peaceful harem wake.

GUL. Oh ! were but that the only barrier

To my desires ! no, credit me, what base

May block the pathway to my hopes, the bay

Shall ne'er be one.

FAT. [aside.] Shall not ? 't is passing strange—

Look then her eagle eyes upon the sun !

[Enter KATINKA.]

KAT. Princess ! Ayesha, wife of Mustapha,

Our noble Sultan's fair rice-fisherman,

Begs that the luster of your countenance,

On her, and on her loudly off'ring fall.

ZUL. Ayesha here again ? 't is not three days

Since of some precious trifle has she begged

Our pleased acceptance. I remember not

Thus to my father or myself she owes.

These testimonies : this indeed is love

Unbought—free entrance to the faithful give !

[Exit KATINKA, who returns with AYESHA, bearing a bus-
ket of shells tastefully arranged with moss : she kneels to ZU-
LIMA, behind whose couch KATINKA places herself, folding
her arms upon her breast.]

Aye. Daughter of Persia ! humbly at your feet

This loveliest offering of the bounteous wave,

Though poor at such an hour, I present—

And pray your favor's gracious evidence,

By its reception, to your slave be shown.

ZUL. [bowing as she receives the basket.] You are not chary

of your tokens—nor

Shall we, by your example tutored, stint
Our just reward.

[After examining the shells with AMURATH, the latter passes
them to KATINKA, who remains holding the basket.]

AMU. [rising and making an intimation of thanks.]

[Aside.] Ah ! did she but divine

What just reward I asked ? The boy is there :

Again shall disappointment balk my hopes ?

Still shall I seek, and seek in vain ! No—though

The search were lengthened to eternity,

Along my life in yielding, I relinquish th'—

Thou sweet pur-rose of stern Rege !

[Exit ZULIMA, coming forward.] This morn

The perfumed wind that through my lattice sole,

With incense, invocing blossoms of the rose

Was laden, and I looked upon a grove

Where rainbow-hued birds sing in the sun,

And songsters, clad in hummer garb, poured forth

Their melody unison ; while immuring bees,

That vocal with their plaintive music made

The wind, seemed whispering of my father's house.

Your kind permission, Princess, let me beg

To untrammel'd wander in these woods ;

There is a balm in Solitude and Nature,

Whose hasted virtue I would willing test.

ZUL. Our pleasures bound we not so miserly,

As to change their stock, by ravishing

From your poor store, in captive holding you.

[GULIMA seats in a chaise-longue, and is preparing to de-

part.]

AMU. Dear sister, give me leave ; [taking GULIMA's

hand.] I will with you.

[GUL. Come, then ; there's something in that soft time—

Which I—say, this is madmen—phrenzy—ill !

Not think upon 't. Let us together forth.

[Exit GULIMA, leading AMURATH.]

AMU. [aside.] Allah is great ! Unloved, unloved for my !

He goes with her, and she alone ! At last

Vengeance indeed is mine. I know'd what come ;

I have not wanted—not untiring watched—

For chance to baffle me—Revenge ! ha ! ha !

[Exit on the opposite side.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

[SCENE I.... A grove sheltered in the garden of the palace—
a fountain in the middle. Enter GULIMA and AMURATH
proceeding.

AMU. Why look you still so sad ? while through my veins

This soft and vivifying breath of spring

Impels the sportive blood in giddy dance ;

And buoyis my spirits up, till most they're in

To mock at your's—whereby you still weighed down

By heaviest—or more oppressive thought !

GUL. Your spring of life, most favored Amurath,

Hath brought the twelvè spring of happiness ;

Signs of the verdure of content hath rolled

My path, and left the winter's barren frost

And chilling gloom within my heart.

[AYESA steals in and comes to herself behind the fountain.]

AMU. I would

I were magician now, that I might use

Mine art to see these smile. I'd part with some

Dear pleasure of mine own to give it ther.

AYESA. [aside.] Spendthrift ! cherish more charily thy p—

Who says thou 't not be bankrupt soon ?

Getz. But I

So generous of my poor possessions, would

Not be—near to thy blithesome breast transfer

The sole exchange I have, my bairn-bane

Of griefs.

AMU. And if thou would'st, I scarce can think

They'd weigh so heavily as does this cloak

To-day, that more oppresses me, and clings

My feet, and checks my panting breath, than e'er

Did suff'ring ret.

GUL. Let me relieve thee of ;

Unburthened be that shoulder long ! the load

That must bear will gather but too soon

AYESA. [aside.] Head her well, boy ; there speaks

Prophet's voice !

GUL. Were I of the three storied Fates but one,

Should yonder calm and cloudless firmament

The emblem of thy glorious destiny be !

AYESA. [aside.] Were such thin office should 't then eat

With me now ; for I the dark thread thereof

Would weave, and to thy sunny sky bring clouds.

Elle were the blackness of mine own unpaid.

I would that she were hence ! how swift they fly

These precious moments. They must bear me

What would I do ? I tremble at myself.

Tremble ! If there be trembling it must be

The Sultan Suliman that trembles ; and

At me ! Look now yon low young Prince ; I'll be

Them as well.

[Runs out, and in a frizzed voice calls loudly lathe.]

Gulara, hast ! Gulara, hear !

You not ? Who call ?

AMU. What voice is that ? Again ?

AYESA. [from behind.] Gulara, instant to the palace haste !

Zulika summons, and impatient waits.

GUL. Adieu, sir ! Adieu. [Exit hastily.]

AMU. Stay, stay ! I follow thee.

[As he is following, AYESHA runs in the other side and

raises him.]

AYESA. You follow me ! Mine, mine at last ! ha ! ha !

AYESA. Woman ! what mean you by this frantic jest ?

Let loose your hold !

You must with me !

AMU. And wherefore ! Know you who I am ? Woman !

It is the Sultan's son you dare profane

By such rude grasp.

AYESA. And the Sultan's son ! Jafe ! Jafe !

Upon the sound—the Sultan's son is none !

Those words have nerves my hand with double strength.

AMU. You rave—away—let loose my arm—begone !

AYESA. Yes, I can quickly gone, and thou with me.

I have no time for dull detail, to make

Was spared his life? They had no dared to shed An infant's blood! And what was now their life Without the joys that gave it worth? or mine When set the star that lighted it? I prayed For more: he sternly bade them lead me thence— My boy to prison—banishment—I know. Not where—the fist had gone forth unheeded My parenthesized rage; they saw him from my sight!

AMUR. I cannot think for lasting punishment:

This absence so prolonged—^{the} care of war, From my father's arms thy ^{had} saved your son.

AVE. Not him from mine: that hour I vowed revenge, And fixed mine eyes on you; through what's 't found. Again I sought the palser, but my mate The scorching fever of revenge had quenched; Even some trivial, token bearing, I Forgetful seemed of which all else forgot. The Sultan's absence in this Persian war, My hidden purpose favored—of the grave, My brother being sentinel, through him I planned that deed to do what now is done;

AMUR. And must my life like base-born peasant's pass Within these walls, as though no royal blood Swelled proudly in my veins?

AVE. These walls, perchance, Are paradise to those that echo now The groans of my lost boy.

AMUR. You will not be No cruel? True, your helpless son, my mate Consigned to punishment; but 't was to come Misdeed, committed, though innocent. I blamed You not; Zuleika never injured you; Yet strikes your bosom at the breast of both. Together will we wisther, though apart; You could not bear to see me pine, and pine— Day after day grow pallid by your side— And, as the tree whose root some secret worm Attacks, thus slowly die—while your stretched arm Could pluck away destruction, and new life Restore; then give me back my liberty!

AVE. Land! I We brings us to the soul; an infant's tongue Once more within these walls! I wonder not It moves me—could I—could I—get her hence Thou woman's weakness; to thy piping voice Mine ears are deaf; than frightened conscience, back! Then 't did shake my purpose—almost now has shaken; but no, the image of my injured boy, Writting in chains that wounded his tender flesh, Rises reproachfully to blant my sight. [Tremble!] And serves me with the strength of friends, perh And then the thought of Suliman's despair, It is too sweet—oh, a chaser, filled with joys From his lips stings—though 't mortals With next, or, falva angel call revenge! I'll yield not to pleading pity's prayer.

AMUR. Ayeha! dear Ayeha!

AVE. Not one word.

[Reaches for seal and work.]

AMUR. No help then? I escape? I here must I die? It may be—but not like the foolish hare In fear expiring—with no struggle made For liberty—no effort—or to day

The flood that for me now is swelling, or To give it better cause to rise. [sits down.] I've heard My father say what cities' strength has failed To conquer, shooting—most wise; I think On this. [He rises, during which time **AMUR** sings.] Your boy—his father lives!

AVE. He does.

AMUR. But dwells perchance still! On his eas set

The sun hath twice its length'd shadow thrown, And from his stay? I sagur he has met With some success; I hourly wait his host.

AMUR. And I, I must myself or force the key that opens my prison door, or perish for my lack Of skill. [Ponders again.] I have it. Well: it can but fail.

[Runs slowly from his seat, and approaches the window in the dark corner.]

AVE. [sharply.] What would you?

AMUR. Only while the laggard Time From his slow pace [aside and crookily] by quickening my own!

[After looking out of the window intently a moment.] That boat: how swift it seems—it must be he! A man springs out. [Arxata rises.] Ayeha! look—my now

He's hid behind you rocks.

AVE. Tis he! I go To greet him. [rushes out.]

AMUR. I, to greet my liberty!

I'm free! father thy inturing was n't lost! You doot leads to the secret path. That baird Be-hind me, ere the serpent foot could gain The pulses by the common road, I shall Be safe within their shrieking arms: rejeice My sister! father! I am you're again!

[Runs out as is heard to tell the noise behind him; after a moment Arxata recedes.]

AVE. I saw not baird, nor man: what meant you, boy?

[Looks round.] What gone? not here? Where art thou, Amurrah?

Afash protect me! he has fled. [Exit running—in hand to cry the door, and returns dejectedly.]

Baird! baird!

Oh! simple head! outwitted by a child!

A puny boy! I'm lost! too surely all Will be discovered—Death's cold arms are spread To clasp their victim—foot to head his wife.

Yet—he is happy! free! how can I know? I was not strong of purpose as I thought

Myself. Already had remorse dispatched Her fury: dire to incite my bread.

He's fire—restored—this crime will haunt me not; I can no share the prison of my boy,

Or in a darker gloom my weary eye,

Where shall no vision of his misery pack

My sleep. They shall not drag me hence. I have Deserv'd; and bravely will I meet my fate!

[Sings air is going, stops, and turns slowly round.] Farewell! my little bat—what is 't to me, I never shall behold you more? for ab! He that so jocund made your rustic walls. Hash bade them long abides—thou'rt shelter now, 't is true, a childless, and a wifeless master. But since this deed hath darkened all my soul, It would but tarnish his pure love. Farewell! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A dangerous night—ZULKEILA on a pallet of straw—a lamp burning.]

GULZA. These poor souls rest. Night: how terrible Thou art! the shadow of thy mortal veils

The direst deeds, but conjures shades to strike Their guilty doer with a pulseless fear!

He seen in thee 't accomplice of his crime;

And when loll'd memory would sleep, thou art The grim. Pro: neither valour to let rest,

That greatest conscience with th' enactment dead,

Of horrors thou'rt conscious. The gloaming bourn

Of daylight brings thy eviling spouse, charmed

Forgiveness—but Night—why think on this?

Cat Night begins the bane of innocence!

And yet these awe-inspiring walls, [sings] that prope

With shadowy forms and grotesque images

My solitude—the desert stillness—all

Appeal and f-ight me; but, 't is only fear!

Who, though she meant to wear Gild's garment, is

With conscience—scratches wings not armed for me.

The doom of crime, not its remorse, is mine,

Its doom indeed—the fearful trial waits!

Nervous;—they lead me forth, shrinking, unsweld!

Before the law, reviling throng I stand;

My lips with shame and fear together cling;

My aching tongue deems me an arrant—hark!

The muddling shout of "guilty," his abysm trance;

Thy near—the frightful executioners—

The howlring tight as round my struggling neck:

But no, not that!—t is not the mortal pang

I tremble to await—endure—but 't is

The deathblow, sure aimed, will strike through me

To other hearts—'t is that they must write in anguish far beyond the agonies

I fear. Mother! I know thou will not live

To sorrow o'er thy child's dishonor? Father!

This arrow in the side, that may not kill,

Will goad at ev'ry step; then thought it wo

When, envied and contemned, I mournful left

These humble roof—but oh! what earthly sound

Will compass now thy soft ring, when thou know'st

Thy daughter's angelic name delid with crime?

Thy crime stoned by ignominious death?

Heaven! will they believe 't accusers? No!

These honest hearts will spurn the base deceit?

But this foul stain will endless cleave to there,

As the world's baird that seathers the guilty baw;

Oh! gentle Putieke, turn me to bone

These dire accumulated ill. The dark

Futurity is shrouded from my view,

But, the high mission from above that rules

Its mystery, cannot err—and to its will

I yield me now.

[Sings again on a pallet, and composes herself as though to sleep—the drawing of a bolt heard from without.]

So soon! the bolt draws back—

It is my savage baird comes to lead

Me to the direful baird—that this

Foul air were not so clang'd—that I could breathe

More free. Alas! that very breath I soon [comes]

May cease to draw. What mornit it? [starts up.] He

I am prepared—

Enter ARXATA.

Zulkeila!

GULZA. [who at first fears to look round, but steals of the eyelids and raises forward.] Zulkeila! [shaking herself.] Come you to comfort or torment? for either,

Booths your errand—since to comfort, you

Must want the power, and to upward do lack

The cause—

ZUL. I come for neither, but to pray,

Teachest Zulkeila to avow—what shall

I say? the madnesse that gave birth to this

Most monstrous crime.

GULZA. I've heard it is their wont,

In lands where tyrants reign and men tremble,

On wheels to break, or torture on the th-

The haplessly accused—till the crav'd wretch

Groan forth confession of black deeds he never

Committed. Prayest? are you really come

The executioner, to test if?

Shall prove as weak?

ZUL. I pardon you the taunt—

Despite conviction, reason, everything,

I car't think you guilty to this last

Degree—not, not of murder.

GULZA. Speak that word

Again? Is it the Heaven-sent Necte drop?

Curing the plague upon thy vital parying?

Oh! I am innocent—you own it? There

Is one, whom doomed Gulza breathes no more,

And the dread story of her guilt is told

In loathing—one, who will proclaim the tale

Is false. You trust me?

ZUL. I no a hereforith live

Mistrusting an' my senses would approve

If I did not—

Then is the bawring but

I do not ask 't life. What is 't to die?

Without the stain that made death terrible?

'T is but endure a passing pa—feel to feel

The last cold宰宰 of the human—then sink

To rest, that fear and care no more distract.

They, who have suffered in the soul, shall own

That transient pain a jest, to agonies

The spirit must endure. One been I crave:

When ruthless slaves have done their duty—when

In bloody sarcasm glare the starting eye,

And the last stinging sigh is choked, ev' t' scape—

The life, in dying is supposed to fall from Heaven, as St. John's say,

and to have the power of curing those afflicted with the pestilence.

When shaking minstrels, swine, shall snout

The trees come with mowry sholdier,

Or as thou hark to cross At Sora's height,

With fast unfaltering, promise me, Zulkeila!

My aged parents from thy hand shall know,

I perished innocent, as when they last

Called down a blessing on their guiltless child?

ZUL. Think not of this; all shall be well with me;

But my poor Amurrah!

"Twas in the grove

We parted, nor have I beheld him since.

ZUL. He left you then?

Rather I fled from him,

Worn by a distant voice to hause to you.

ZUL. He followed not?

GULZA. Not as I think.

This is

Some plot; 't is very strange; [sighing] it shall be solved!

GULZA. And happily, great Maimon! but if

For me too late, remember then my loss.

ZUL. Too late it will not be. How will I plead

With my loved father, and—

Did not he hope;

By words. The wrath of power shokes itself

In blood alone; and could, shrake from the fons

That quenches it burning. When my lips are more

Than may awake a sigh—but will not more.

ZUL. Then weaker than the vane slav's, that makes

I weep for love, they're grown. My father's name

Hath planted terror in the brave hearts;

Yet have I seen his cheek grow white, and eyes

Blur'd over, at his' of fictitious we:

And deem you he will look unmoved on real?

Fear not; I know that thou art guileless, and

Will risk my life to shield thee there.

GULZA. Adieu, Zulkeila! It doth well between

Such great purity as thine to come

Dispensing peace—providing, in the soft

And shadowing light of virtue's golden sun,

Shaking more beautiful. Here at thy feet

I breathe my beggar thanks; thou need'st them not.

Were might of sceptre mine, how prove my pow'r?

To tendir thee toward—The recompence

Hath been to taste the sweets of that first joy

By nature—ay, by Heaven itself, I loved best,

The enemy of making them blind!

[ZULKEILA remains holding a flower.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Night. The grove brilliantly illuminated. **ZULKEILA** and **FATIMA**, having bathed.

FATIMA. This star will but increase your gloom; why bid

the shade be lighted, like a festive bower,

When spring from hence the mist that clouds your path?

Let us go, Zulkeila, desert; I

Would use the magic of sleep to banish the gloom;

Would use the magic of sleep to banish the gloom;

Would use the magic of sleep to banish the gloom;

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Would use the magic of sleep to banish the gloom;

Would use the magic of sleep to banish the gloom;

Would use the magic of sleep to banish the gloom;

Would use the magic of sleep to ban

Clo'd in most rustic cage ; but I enjoyed
My power—to myself gave liberty ;
And here, in the through darkness—night—I scarce
Knew how, unless some guardian spirit, moved
By love of thee, guided my doubtful steps.
Zul. And brought thee safe ? What multitudes of thanks
Shall cross the gates of Paradise for that ?
Where hast thou been ? Whose was the savage hand
Could give thee pain, none own, my Amarah ?
Oh ! dearest shall they see this hour—who was't ?
And how ?

Ayu. Above the secret path, when fled
Guizara from her nest, Ayasha bore—

Zul. Not Muslin's fair-skin'd wife ? the slave
Whom Sultan's long power would enrich ?
Oh ! weeping, weeping, what a chieftain art ?
While triumphs have Ayasha in her crime,
Guizara the lone-horned vault enchain'd.

Makes us, in our supposed security,
Tyrants and blinded dupes of outward show ?

Amu. Guizara d' I never, mean you that ?
The gentle Persian ! you pitied me thus !
Speed, speed, to burst her diadem'd head, myself
Will entrap her pardon for this wrong. *[Fisht.]*

Zul. Stay, greedy brother mine, frugality I share
Thy rapture, looking in the light of his eyes,
Say not I look too much ! *Katinka* comes
To lead her father— *[Enters for bands.]*

[Enter KATINKA.]

Free the youthful Persian,
And to our presence guide her speedily ;
Bid her not grieve, but give no voice the joy
That waits her when she here before us stands.

[Exit KATINKA.]

Amu. How could suspicion light on her ?
Zul. *Alas !*
I was base ambition prompted her the deed,
She was forewarned while I did the Sultan's heir
Most Sultan he said Sultan makes.
Suddenly you disengaged—this infinite cloak
Was in her chamber found. Wandering alone
With her the household slaves—had you last :
Chance was her estimator and not we,
The house shall efface the past—but thou,
Art thou indeed restored, my Amarah ?
Can I believe it is no dream that gives
Tiee to my longing eyes ?

Amu. If 't is, we'll sleep
For aye, and mingle with the waking world
No more.

[Enter KATINKA.]

Princess she comes, but with no smile
Complaining her failed check.

Fav. *[To AMU RATH.]* Your presence may
Too suddenly surprise her—joy-pain !
What grief, but gave a *clap* open sense of being,
As though death's angel lovd to snuff your soul
In bliss—but sickly shamed in hour of woe !
I pray you then withdraw awhile !

Amu. *Complainingly.* My thanks
Good lady ! Harken ! your prescription note
Me ill ; nor set the transport that my flight,
(Which was not of the course), helped to cause ?
Nor shake not thus the spirit-break'd soul
Remain'd yet, since your potion is too large,
We'll halve it, by your leave. It shall be so :
He will I safely meet—but she not me,
At least not while I can restrain myself.

[Comes back among the trees.]

[Exit GUIZARA, dejected.]

Zul. Ever so unkindly did, Guizara ?
Had hoped the converse of to-night dispelled
Your gloom.

Gru. Not unkindly, but with thoughts upturned
To where they may be soon for ever fixed !

Zul. You are oppressed, but quick upon the heels
Of great misfortune to chase her back.

And said I not Guizara, thus night—
I know your innocence ?

Gru. My protestations, and I thank you for 't !

Zul. I now do more—I know them to be true !

Gu. *[Sighing.]* You have no proof ? The Prince—your
Brother—*[Laughs aloud]*

Amu. *Hanging in her arms.* —Here, dear Guizara, and pre-
Your innocence ?

Gu. Oh ! holy prophet ! I

Had scarcely dared to pray for this. Charmed !

Safe, art thou, angel boy ? O, father ! modest !

Lift up your heads again ! And now come, Death,
Near as before—I fear thee not. Now, if

I yield you yours, 't is not iniquity !

Amu. First shall a life of happiness atoms

For all the ill ye have occasioned you !

Gru. *[Gazing at him.]* Again that tone ! How thrills it
Through my soul,

As something long familiar to these ears !

The song, whose words forgot, haunts with its air !

Was ever love so moulded so seemingly

Like 't ? Or, is it that these eyes are off

Have wept to view that face once more, they find

A visaged semblance in all liveliness ?

[Enter KATINKA.]

Kat. Ayasha to your gracious presence pray.

Minion. Princess, shall we entice give ?

Zul. Uncommon comes she then ? Knows she her guilt

Discover'd, direst punishment awaits

In perpetrator ? Lead her hither. *[Exit KATINKA.]*

Amu. I pity her—in sooth I do,—and she

Hath heavy grief entured.

Zul. And heavier would

Give thee, my ravished brother ! Pandemonium

The hand that incurred thee one minute's pain ?

Your pity you but waste. I shall not smile.

[Enter KATINKA, followed by AYASHA, who enters to ZU-

LIA, as in confusion, her head bent down and her hands

folded on her breast.]

Come you within the foul's den to tempt

His wrath ? Your guilt has been already voice'd,

And carries not its retribution just.

Ayu. Great is the Sultan ! Where should I conceal
This fiend head to 'scape his anger ? but
I do beseech you hear what sorrows lashed
Me to this pin-wized dead. I had not strength,
If favor chang'd, to give my will issue
I wished for execution. Ere he 'scaped
I wav'rd—shrank. His pleadings touch'd my heart.

Zul. Roast you a heart, that with such mortal pang

Writing that of others ? You, who ruthless raised

Of violence ? The thought, with a wild fire—

Stranger till now—kindles my burning veins.

Quick—sick her hence. Within a clang or chain'd,

Without our glories—of that sun, whose face

Her crime pollutes—mutes for her guardians—and

Her ear (deaf to my brother's pleadings,) let

No sound of human melody beginne.

Away with her !

Ayu. Not yet ! One instant grant ?

Not till you hear me ! 'T was your sire, not I,

Perfounded this deed. His cruelty negg'd me to 't.

Zul. Would you wake misery in the daughter's breast

Attaining, with malignant charge, the father ?

Kindness to you to earth were cruelty,

And fostering the adder, Vice, to her.

Each fenced-in bower to its fungo—gone !

Ayu. Judge me not harshly !

Zul. Not by me, wif thou

Be judged—but hap no leniency—enough ?

Ayu. Yet hear her, sister, only hear her tale.

Ayu. You supplicate for her who injured ? shall

The valour find a wounded dove its shield ?

You cannot forth me as I have myself,

[Rising.] Princess ! my sin ! changeable moon ago, I would

Have started, importruck at thine, as thought

Of what both so debona'd me now—no time

And doth no circumstance work wondrous change ?

I had a son—one only—he was

Car'st certain solace, joy's sweet messenger,

The form whence diverged each ray of bliss

That lighted my existence. Last whose hand

Snatched that sole beam and darkened it for ever.

A new decree whose violation brought

The penalty of death, the ill-starred boy.

Unconscious stroke ; your fault, 't is of my prayer,—

Mock-misrule,—his life, no pardon grants.

Whether enraged, envied, or banished, what

His punishment I knew not, from no one—

But sorrow o'er the knowledge how they bore

The struggling, weeping infant from my sight ;

And, with him, ev'ry kindly feeling snuffed

Within this breast, leaving to frantic grief,

That seeming comforter, Revenge ! Therefore

Was it my household God—I was transformed !

Not Tigress ravish'd of her young, was more

Athirst to glut her rage—from my own heart

I knew w' well your father lost his son,

And vowed to plunge the dagger in his bosom.

With which he recklessly stabb'd mine ! that I

Was baffled, I repugn, and rather now

Would meet the fate that waits me than have lived

More darkly doomed, with memory of this crime.

Zul. *[Turning from her.]* It was too black—too dreadful—

They art sole !

My brother, but thy danger friggo me still.

Ayu. *[Adversely advancing and again kneeling.]* I surely dare

Reflect upon the wrongs that to the dead

Were gounding over !

Zul. Bid me reflect upon

The deed itself—my father's agony—

My brother's pain—I have no mercy left !

No pardon ?

Ayu. *T* is a fearful thing to die !

Zul. Is 't not more fearful to deserve to die ?

Ayu. Had even the nobler of frail mortals his

Deserts, oh, who would then escape rebuke ?

Gentle Sultan, pity my affliction.

Zul. No man can upold the righteous smile

Of Justice. Command you, peace !

Ayu. Let me

Entreat you, sister, grant to me this boon !

Never before have I held bold your eye

So stern, your brow knit with such threatening frown.

Zul. Who harms my brother never should behold

It otherwise.

Ayu. Yet freely from my heart

I do forgive her. If you sorrow'd much

In visiting me, then when her agony

With a low-toned moan was rudely writhed away ?

Zul. I never did refuse your lightest wish,

But plead not, brother, now, for this I am not

Not grant, and w'ill not hearken to.

Fav. *[Wrongly.]* *L*eave her to me !

Zul. Guizara by too hasty judgment. My

Atrocity let me to this suppose!

Fav. Tremble, imploring that you portion her !

Zul. Spare my prayers. When his has been withhold

I shall not listen to your voice.

Fav. *[Indifferently.]* *L*ist, then,

To me ! She to the dog—so you condemned—

Accursed for another's crime—

Tarot 'Fore whose eyes anticipated death,

Reverences to her let her self 'morn pass

As this repeat on 'em, and pardon her.

Remember—Power, when robed in beauty,

Not strength, weans liveliest sensibility when display'd

To pardon penitence, not punish guilt ;

Repents true innocence of malony ?

And Justice finds her things off powerless

To chastise hearts the smite of goodness wins

To irritate heart ; then exiles,

In clemency to this your silex, are away

Of pitying Heaven, whose high prerogative

Most needed, most employed ; is 't not to pardon ?

Zul. Had I thousand tongues, Zulika, each

Should plead with here—and should they plead in vain ?

Zul. *[First turning to one, then to the other.]*

Brother ! Guizara ! You have conspired ? Ries,

Ayasha ! and thy future life, not words,

Prochases the gratious ? Then are forgiven.

Ayu. Let me still kneel, until the bounties in

Complete. Give not a life that's valueless,

Withholding what imparts its worth—my child !

Zul. Shall be restored.

Ayu. Joy, joy too great to bear !

My son restored ! His bright eyes once again

The Heaven of my own ! His prancing singer

Mak'ing my glad heart to its music dance !

Oh, Princess ! sink a, by this act I am

Beneath humanity, I shall not prove

Than onewhom bears more than less ; and there is

A Roman tale, that memorates of old

A hunger'd lion, moved by gratitude,

Who, recognizing, shrank from offered prey,

Nor on the well remembered hand that era

Did cure his wound, appeared his finishing.

That tale is graven on my heart. A life

Of faithful service shall express the thine

I have no tongue to speak—but whose warm blood

U refreshes my grateful eyes.

Zul. I need them not : I need well, find in the net itself

His action's noblest recompence.

Ayu. Your pleasure, dearest sister, and almost

Had born the anguish of dread yesterday

For the sweet hour's ecstasy.

Fav. *And I*

Re-echo all your bings, and only need

Guizara's pardon of deluding doubts

To make complete my own.

Gu. *Freely 't is yours*

[Inside.] And I—while ev'ry lip and ev'ry eye

Beams in the sunny light of happiness,

Stronger, by contrast, o'er the shadows o'er

Mine own. Hasted 'while other storms filled

My breast, almost went that forgot. They pass

Away—but leave the rank'ring thought of thee,

That cannot part, eternally in their stead.

Kat. *[Smiling as she presents it.]* Great Sultan sends to

Zulika greeting.

Zul. How pleasure, when he opens her hand, yours down

Her gifts !

Amu. Sister, read quick, what says our sir ?

Zul. His foot is on his crown's bread. *[Gives him the*

Red Gian Night's guard his form. His brow

Kawreathed—victorious he returns.

Gu. When may we look for him ?

Zul. *[Still smiling.]* To-morrow's dawn.

Gu. *[said.]* So soon ! yet why this foot ? 'twould be

This face more fair, than those by smiles that cover

His highest look made heastous, that he ever

Should waste a glance upon the hapless Persian :

Zul. Sister, you smile ; what says he more ?

Zul. *Read right !* *[stands]* "Garland your walls, mangle

your choirs

Of sweetest warbles : sandal, swift, anew

The wing'd lust of your lionliest dancers : all

Festivities here-coming to his state

Prepare, to welcome Sultan's new bride !

Gu. How is this ? *[rushes an apparently much astonished.]*

Zul. There is some watchery in these times !

Gu. Sultan, with no spear, but with his

Two swords, he comes, when the voice

Of suppliant subjects hale her in her leuds

Lamented place a fatal theme— I 'd light

Mine own funeral pile— I 'd weep, the poorest not

That fills the earth to gain his hard-earn'd bread

So far, suffice him, with my allegiance sworn

Another's, he the Heaven-avenged bridle,

Sultan of the Sultan Sultan,

Queen of his heart, and Empress of the East.

Zul. This is antoward—yes, I blame you not :

Had I not loved, as constant would I prove :

What says our father over ? *[Holds]* *Wounds on*

Wounds on

"There knew I had determined, ne're to wed :

Who else with his Heav'n-avenged Khan war ?

List to my tale : Beginning with the close—

Anderson presented to the Heaven Clothing a fine whom she

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The hours of truce, a huntsman, as he seemed,
On the green borders of the Tigris viewed
A maiden writhing in a Gipsy's grasp;
And motioning back his train did rescue her!
Von that have seen Gulzara wonder not
They met again. He vowed that she should be
His wife—but tested first her faith to know
If rather she would live the favored slave
Of Saliman, or wife of her unknown.
She passed the ordeal, 't was himself, not state,
Which she I think yet dreams are of, she loved—
And shall he as he were her husband's bride?"

GUL. Gulzar! Gulzar! rejoice, the Sultan is—
GEN. Hafid! [Points—they support her.]

AMC. Oh! sister, with this sudden joy

You've killed her—her—

ZUL. Katinka, have thee, fly!
Summon the palace Haking with all speed.
KAT. Tis needless noble Princess, she revives.
FAT. Then give her air, she lacks but breath, new life
This happy news already has bestowed.
AMC. She opens her eyes, Gulzara, speak to us!

GUL. That voice again! Where is he? Hafid! art
Thou there? let me but look upon thee ere
I die.

AMC. 'Tis Amarah, your Hafid's son,
Or Saliman's, that bids you for his sake
To live!

GUL. Was it no vision then? is he?
And Amarah thou art—Hafid then—

ZUL. The Sultan Saliman!
AMC. Our father. And

I am—

ZUL. His bride!
FAT. and KAT. [Lifting her.] Our new Sultan hail!

GUL. Now, may I share your transports, never more
At fate's harsh moving murmur, for her wheel
Revolving ever, hurls us to its base

To hurry to the summit with more speed.

ZUL. And with this latter evolution bears
Joss's pinnacle a gaudy throne to-night,
What have I left to wish? my brother back—

[Embracing him.]

AMC. Freed by himself! sweet sister when you tell

Our father my mischance, forget not that!

FAT. and KAT. Your joy is ours!

AMC. My lov'd boy once more mine!

GUL. And Hafid, Saliman—hail happy end!

No more Zelika's brow with frown shall bend,
Ayesha fierceness frown she ne'er could feel,
Or wo of Amarah bid tear drops steal
To pitying who that smiling greet his weal;
Or Fatima's bright eyes, and rosamis sage,
Contend which most your pleasure could engage;

Or mild Katinka, though her station low,

Still hope to share the proues you bestow.

Our mimic passions o'er, [to the actors] each lip that

griev'd

In fabled sorrow, be with smiles enwrath'd.

These lips now welcome mirth with keener zest
Nor mourn their wo [to the audience] if echoed in
your breast.

It, courteous still, by our emotions led,
You now will share our gladness in grief's stead,
And grant the boon Gulzara yet must crave

Your pleased approval of—

Omniss. The Persian Slave!

THE END.